

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 37.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., MARCH 11, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



BE WISE.

WAIT

UNTIL MONDAY, MAR. 21

The Yellow Tag Sale

George N. Kidder & Co.

Will open a Special Sale of

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Curtains, Rugs, Stoves, Ranges, Tin and Agate ware, Crockery and Wall Paper.

This will be the Greatest Sale that Northfield has ever had. We find that our Store and Store-house is full and we must make room for the Spring Stock which Mr. Kidder purchased at the Furniture Show in New York.

We want the money as well as the room.

If you are in need of anything in this line, here is your chance to get a Bargain. Watch the next issue of the PRESS for an astonishing announcement of prices and don't forget

The Date, Monday, March 21.

Yours Truly,

GEO. N. KIDDER AND CO.

STRICTLY CASH SALE

WOOD, GATES & CO.

Harry C. Gates, Sole Owner and Proprietor



Black Cat

Leather Stockings

For Boys and Girls have Triple Heels, Toes and Knees. No holes, no mending, no crocking.

Send us 25 cents and we will send one pair of any size from 6 to 10. Try one pair and you will always use them.

WOOD, GATES & CO.

ORANGE, MASS.

One bird can't make a Summer, friend;
One thaw don't mean it's Spring;
There's still more Winter yet to come
And "Blizz" like anything.
Get wise now while the weather's mild
And the travelling is not bad,
Just go to Stearns' and get supplied
And you truly will be glad.

ALL WINTER GOODS IN SUITS, CAPS, MITTENS,
SHOES Etc. AT BARGAIN PRICES.

C. C. STEARNS, Webster Block

Northfield.

We call special attention to our new 'ada' this week.

Miss Lillian Whiting spent the week end in Fitchburg.

Whooping cough is quite the thing now among the children.

Mrs. L. H. Lazelle visited her mother in Hinsdale over Sunday.

Henry McLean has returned from a week's visit in Jamaica, Vt.

A new telephone has been installed in the East Northfield post office.

Read Geo. N. Kidder & Co.'s announcement of special bargain sale beginning March 21.

Miss Helen Hunting has returned to Wellesley College after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Julia Hunting.

The W. C. T. U. have just sent their annual contribution to the Francis Willard settlement in Boston.

Miss Merriman and Miss Lawrence are attending the two weeks' poultry course at Amherst Agricultural College, which closes with a three days' poultry exhibit.

Miss Madeline Long has finished her special work in the Bookstore.

Miss Iola Holton has accepted a position in Wood's Pharmacy.

Howard Mann has accepted a position in Brewer's drug store in Worcester.

Quite a heavy thunder storm visited Northfield early Monday morning.

C. C. Stearns has put out a fine new sign; the handiwork of F. W. Wilbur.

Miss Gerda Huntoon has gone to her home in Vermont to spend Easter vacation.

Mrs. Fanny Colton spent several days in Brattleboro with her sister, returning on Monday.

F. W. Kellogg has sold, through Elliott W. Brown, his home in East Northfield to L. H. Lazelle.

Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps are visiting in New York this week while their house is being repaired.

Mrs. W. C. Roberts and daughter, Ruth, left last Wednesday for a three weeks' visit in Boston.

Chas. Pomeroy and daughter, Mrs. Newcomb, of Bernardston were visiting Northfield friends last Friday.

Prof. Arthur J. Phillips of Brattleboro and Frank Spencer of Greenfield were in Northfield Monday to vote.

Miss Sue Smith and Miss Verna Bronson left yesterday for four weeks' visit in Miss Bronson's home in Florida.

Everett D. Lyman has been drawn as juror on the grand jury and Fred Doolittle on traverse jury for March term of court.

Mrs. Freeman, who has been spending the winter with her son, Fred T. Pallam, has returned to her home in Provincetown, Mass.

The semi-annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northfield creamery will be held at the town hall next Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The body of Mrs. C. H. Matton was brought here yesterday for burial. Mrs. Matton was a niece of Mrs. L. L. Hart and died Tuesday at Somerville.

Mrs. A. W. Proctor, Mrs. Myrtle Proctor, Mrs. F. Z. Allen and Mrs. M. O. Perham attended the meeting of the Alliance last Thursday at Greenfield.

The S. of V. Auxiliary did a thriving business serving dinner to the voters at town meeting Monday. Many of the visiting ladies also patronized the tables.

N. D. Alexander is down from West Dover for another load of household goods. His daughter, Rebecca, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Banks, will return with him.

A church social will be held tonight in the Congregational church, to which all are cordially invited. A musical and literary program of unusual interest will add to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mrs. Fanny Jones of New Britain, Conn. is keeping house for Mrs. W. C. Roberts during her absence in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Smith went to Yonkers, N. Y., on Thursday for a couple of weeks visit with their son.

Mr. Ira A. Hoxie of Sunderland, who recently purchased the Doane property, has been in town for a few days looking over the property and preparing for the ice business which he will conduct. He and his family expect to move into their new home next month.

Mrs. Eliza Reed Sunderland.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. Jabez T. Sunderland of Hartford, Conn., will be deeply grieved to learn that after an illness of eight weeks Mrs. Sunderland passed away on Thursday, March 3. Dr. Sunderland was formerly pastor of the Unitarian church of Northfield, and during his pastorate he and Mrs. Sunderland had endeared themselves to the hearts of their people, and the love then begun has not decreased during their absence. Mrs. Sunderland was born in Huntsville, Ill., in 1839, of parents who had settled there in the pioneer days. Her father was Amasa Read, a Massachusetts man. He bought a tract of land in Illinois, and migrated there, where Mrs. Sunderland was born under pioneer conditions.



She came East for her education and graduated from Mount Holyoke Seminary. She later took the degrees of A. B. and Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland were married in Augusta, Ill., in 1871.

Her married life, before going to Hartford, had been spent in Milwaukee, Wis., Northfield, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Ann Arbor, Mich., and Toronto, Canada, where her husband had held pastorates.

Mrs. Sunderland was an illustration of a woman of both brain and heart of high education, wide reading, literary taste and ability, and constant public activity, who never neglected her home or her family, but made all her reading and intellectual and public work contribute to the enriching of the life of her home. The wealth of her own life, which came from her reading, her intellectual and educational interests and her public activity, she gave to her husband and her children, thus showing that educated women may be and ought to be most efficient as home makers and the best of wives and mothers.

The funeral was held at Unity church Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. The service was conducted by Rev. A. P. Record, pastor of the Unitarian church at Springfield, Mass., and Rev. Dr. J. Coleman Adams, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer of Hartford. The body, now resting in a vault in Spring Grove cemetery, will be removed later to Ann Arbor, Mich., for interment.

The following is an editorial from the Hartford Post of March 4, and indicates the high regard in which Mrs. Sunderland was held in Hartford:

"The death of Mrs. Eliza Read Sunderland yesterday at her home on Oxford street has removed from the activities of life one who in the fullest measure of the term represented the progressive woman of the twentieth century. A woman of the beautiful attributes, all heart and sympathy, with a mind of the finest fibre, a woman of worthy ambition, of culture and of attainments, she exerted an influence that was enviable. Possessed of learning obtained through earnest study and observation, she was no pedant. A woman who believed in the enfranchisement and the fullest development of her sex, she neglected nothing that pertained to her duty as a home-maker—as a wife and mother. The fruits of her life are many. Always busy in some good cause or working out something that should be for the enlightenment, the pleasure and entertainment of others, she leaves a record that must be a comfort to her stricken family, and that ought to be an incentive to every other woman who knows and understands the necessity of women performing their share in accelerating the great onward movement of the race,

In life she was a gentle, uplifting influence; in death she is mourned, but her influence will live, justifying her life."

Mrs. Sunderland's Last Words

"I should have been glad for a few more years of work, but I am content: it is all right as it is, exactly right.

I have been given a beautiful life, very beautiful.

If this is death, then it is beautiful too. People have said it is dreadful, but it is sweet. It does not seem to me death at all, but larger life.

And the future is beautiful. I am not going away. I shall be with you."

New Appointments

The following appointments have been made by the selectmen.

Sealer of Weights and Measures,
Joseph R. Colton.
Forest Fire Warden,
Fred W. Doane.
Registrar of Voters,
John T. Callaghan.
Fire Wardens,
Fred W. Doane, H. C. Holton,
C. H. Webster, Chas. Gilbert,
A. A. Newton.
Inspectors of Provisions,
Frank F. Heald, F. A. Hilliard,
J. E. Ross, J. J. Fisher,
C. W. Stratton.
Inspector of Animals,
Frank E. Heald.

Mrs. Johanna Fisher of West Northfield, has been to Brattleboro taking care of her son who has had the grip for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hale of East Rindge, N. H., is with their daughter Mrs. Henry Fisher of Brattleboro.

John W. Barber is in Boston attending the automobile show, drawn there especially by the Maxwell Car for which he is agent.

Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D. D., Sec'y of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Mrs. Brown are visiting Rev. Elliott W. Brown on Main St. Dr. Brown is contemplating the purchase of a summer home in Northfield.

The second annual concert will be given by the Northfield High School in Town Hall, March 14, 1910, at 8 o'clock. The cantata "The Wreck of the Hesperus" will be sung, preceded by a short miscellaneous program.

The High School chorus will be assisted by Mr. E. H. Miller, Baritone, of Brattleboro, Miss Rema Reckahn, Soprano, of Northampton, Mr. Maurice Kendall, Tenor, of Boston, and Mr. William Spencer Johnson, Pianist, recently from Leipsig, Germany.

The proceeds of this concert will be used to assist the Senior Class in the expense of their trip to Washington.

Tickets are on sale at the store of the Northfield Press and at the Bookstore, East Northfield.

Since the publication of the last Telephone Directory the following phones have been installed:-

27-51 M. J. Stoddard
28-16 Rev. A. E. Phelps
28-12 R. D. Doolittle
21-13 East Northfield, Post Office
56 Henry Moore Cottage
38-2 D. F. Sutherland
47-2 Willie O'Claire
47-3 Walter H. Doolittle
15-16 Alton Miner
15-6 Northfield Farms Station
6-3 Mrs. D. M. Allen
13-2 Miss Hope Walker
17-11 Miss Clara Hooper
15-4 Charles Tenney
5-2 Rev. W. W. Coe.

West Northfield

Mrs. E. A. Pratt spent a few days in Springfield the first of the week.

Miss Elsie Burnham who has been visiting her sisters for a few weeks in Milford, N. H. returned Saturday.

A daughter, Ruth Miller, was born Friday, March 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martindale.

The choir is rehearsing music for Easter morning. The children of the Sunday School will give a concert in the evening.

Additional locals on page 8.

PATRONIZE THE HOME MERCHANTS

Then You Will Help Decrease High Cost of Living.

GIVE UP TRADING BY MAIL.

This Will Tend Toward Breaking Up Gigantic Monopolies That Handle Foodstuffs—Populate and Work the Farms.

Very much is heard nowadays about the increased and increasing cost of living. Prices for many things, particularly for food of nearly every kind, have been rising steadily for thirteen years. The general level of prices for foodstuffs has risen so high this winter that the food has broken over its banks, and the United States government is taking a hand in trying to check it.

Did you ever hear of the old woman who tried to sweep back the sea tide with her kitchen broom?

Well, Uncle Sam might just as well try to dam the rising tide of prices with his whiskers unless he goes up to the fountain head and stops the original leak that has made high prices not only possible, but inevitable.

Many theorists are entertaining themselves by telling us what causes the high prices charged for food. My belief is that James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, has come closer to the head of the nail with his hammer than any of the others. Mr. Wilson says high prices are caused by the fact that there are too many distributors and not enough producers. There are twenty men engaged in handling foodstuffs where there ought to be but one and one engaged in raising them where there ought to be twenty. Not only does the lack of supply increase the demand and thus raise the price, but the comparative scarcity of produce makes it easy for the big gamblers to corner the markets, keep meat and eggs and vegetables in cold storage and wait for still higher prices.

The matter simply boils down to this: There are too many people in the large cities and too few people on the farm and in the small cities and towns. The tendency of the age is toward the swelling of city population and the shrinking of country population.

In some states there are many abandoned farms. In all states there are splendid areas of fertile land uncultivated. Thousands of farmers own a great deal more land than they need. They cultivate but a small part of their holdings, leaving the rest idle. Farmers' boys migrate to the cities like birds—in flocks. Young men and women and older persons, too, leave the towns and go to the cities because the towns offer them less and less inducement in the way of employment or business. And why?

Here's where you should stick your pin. It is because millions of farmers' families fail to help support their home towns properly by trading with the local merchants. They buy a great deal of their clothing, household goods, even groceries, from the mail order stores.

"Back to the farm!" is the sensible slogan for the crusaders against high prices to use. Populate the farms.

Agriculture is the life of any community that lacks manufacturing plants. If the farms are not worked wisely and their products not marketed with a view to mutual interest of town and country, distress is inevitable.

Secretary Wilson is perhaps the best informed man on agricultural matters in the world. With other men of broad information and foresight he urges that more farming be done. The cities are crowded with persons utterly incompetent under such environment who would make excellent farmers. There are thousands of other men not altogether incompetent, but struggling along to support their families on meager incomes from business or employment in the cities, who would be vastly better off on farms. Millions of children are growing up in the cities, physically, mentally and morally defective, who would be improved in every sense by farm life. They would grow up to be useful citizens, happy, helping to make others happy, instead of becoming rum soaked, slang slinging, narrow minded men and silly, gum chewing, empty headed women.

It seems to me that every town ought to make a systematic attempt—not spasmodic, but continuous—to induce city persons to settle on the land. Bring the landless man to the manless land. Show him what he can do with a hayrake and a hoe. Make him a producer instead of merely a consumer. A western senator declares that the United States will be compelled to import food in a few years unless our neglected farm possibilities are utilized.

I have in mind a community in Missouri which until three or four years ago had more land than it knew what to do with, but a bright man came

along and bought up the land at a cheap figure. He laid it out in small tracts, sold hundreds of them, brought settlers from the cities, and now that town is prosperous. It used to be merely a wide place in the road. There is a home market for a large part of what the farmers produce, and the town has become wide awake and up to date.

Get the landless man on the manless land and watch prices tumble.
ROBERTUS LOVE.

WHY MEAT IS HIGH.

Part of the Trouble Is With the House-keeper.

"More than half the trouble with the meat prices lies with the housekeeper who doesn't know how to utilize what she gets," said Miss Annie Barrows of the Teachers' college school of household arts, New York city.

"Most of us," she went on to say, "are like the man who bought four whole turkeys and ate only the 'oysters' of each—those delicious bits of dark meat that lie on the breastbone. The well to do consumer knows little about the cheaper cuts of meat, buys only the choicest sirloin pieces and fails to use them to their best advantage. Few women use the flank fat for which they have paid, but order extra suet fat, for which they are charged 10 cents a pound. The butcher sends the other back to the smelter's, where it is used for soap or made into lard, in which form we pay for it again.

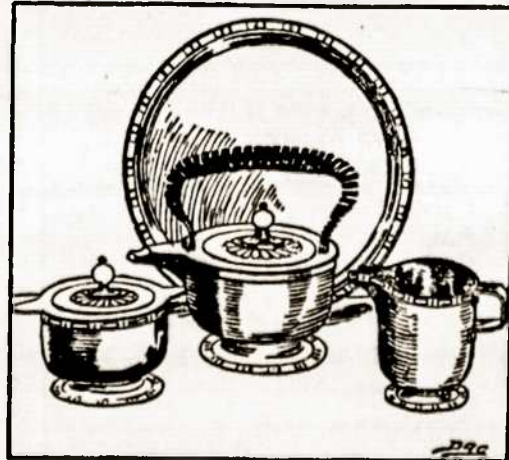
"There are many cuts other than the fore quarters which make good roasts and very pleasing dishes if prepared properly. The principal thing to remember is that a low temperature and a slow fire are necessary to put them into a palatable condition. Anything that is thoroughly cooked is safe, but only the tenderest pieces, of course, should be eaten in a raw or a rare state. I hope the time will come when the lower cuts, which used to be sold to the army and navy for corned beef or turned into sausage meat, will be used by the judicious housewife. She should thoroughly understand the anatomy of her four footed beast and her fowl, because, no matter what name he may give his cuts, the butcher can't change the skeleton.

"In fowl there is of necessity almost 20 per cent waste material, but that is all the more reason why every scrap of it should be utilized. The heart, liver and gizzard can be chopped up in the gravy or added to the omelet of the next day's luncheon, because the less we eat of the bird the more we pay for every bit. Every one knows, of course, that the skeleton and bones give a delicious flavor to soups and that the fat makes excellent frying grease.

"We are just as wasteful with our vegetables as with our meats," continued Miss Barrows. "For instance, take these beets. The grocer, when he saw that I wanted to take them with me, was about to chop off the stalks and leaves, when I asked him to let me have them as they were. He looked at me as though I were demented, but every old housekeeper knows that the tops may be used like spinach."

The Breakfast Tray.

A few years ago it was thought a positive luxury if one was well and strong to have breakfast served in bed. Nowadays things have changed. The housewife who can afford to stay in bed every now and then will find herself immensely improved in nerve strength. And the occasional guest often has her coffee and rolls sent up to her room. Many hostesses would rather have the early morning hours



CHARMING SERVICE IN ENAMELED WARE.

in which to attend to their household duties or to their correspondence unhampered by the presence of a stranger within the gates. So the individual breakfast service has to be provided, and it is a fad in some households to see which member of the family can have the daintiest tray. The enameled breakfast set seen in the illustration is comparatively inexpensive and is one of the newest things of the kind to be found in the shops.

Use For Holiday Cards.

A good way to utilize the many Christmas tags and cards and the numerous odds and ends of holly ribbon from the different packages is to make from them bookmarks for the Christmas books.

In the smallest cards make a narrow slit at the top, through which draw a six or eight inch length of narrow ribbon, knotting it firmly with a short V snipped end so it will hold. Tie three cards mounted in this way together at the farther end of the ribbon in an

ornamental knot and you will have a dainty, useful and most appropriate place marker for your holiday books.

The larger cards should be slit at both bottom and top and should have a wider ribbon drawn through them both, so that the card with sentiment and ornament forms the center and the card when the bookmark is in use lies in the book and the ribbon protruding from it above and below marks the page.

Sponging Silk.

Crushed silk may be smoothed out and restored to something like its original freshness by being sponged with gum arabic water. Sponge on the right side of the silk and when almost dry iron it on the reverse side. Do not use a really hot iron or you will make the silk stiff.

At Last.

A girl's idea of culture is something which will enable her to dodge dishwashing.—Atchison Globe.

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leashed along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

A Drop of Water.

A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.339 pounds, and there being four quarts to the gallon, and two pints to the quart, and sixteen fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoonfuls to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and forty-five drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00018057 pound, slightly more.

HER ONE QUESTION.

The Woman in the Case, as Usual, Had the Last Word.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half past 1 it was with the determination of going to sleep and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table he commenced to undress and to make his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check and sighted a line for the bed when he was earth-quaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins, "Why don't you take off your hat?"—Argonaut.

Train and Track.

There are in Argentina four broad gauge railroads, three narrow gauge and two English gauge.

Electricity has supplanted gas for earlighting in nearly all state railways of Italy, Switzerland and Denmark.

It has been proved that the great railway terminals, where traffic is constant, where switch engines are shunted back and forth and suburban trains are run frequently, can be operated more economically by electricity than by steam.

Envious nations should remember that the flag Peary nailed to the pole is the flag that never yet was hauled down.

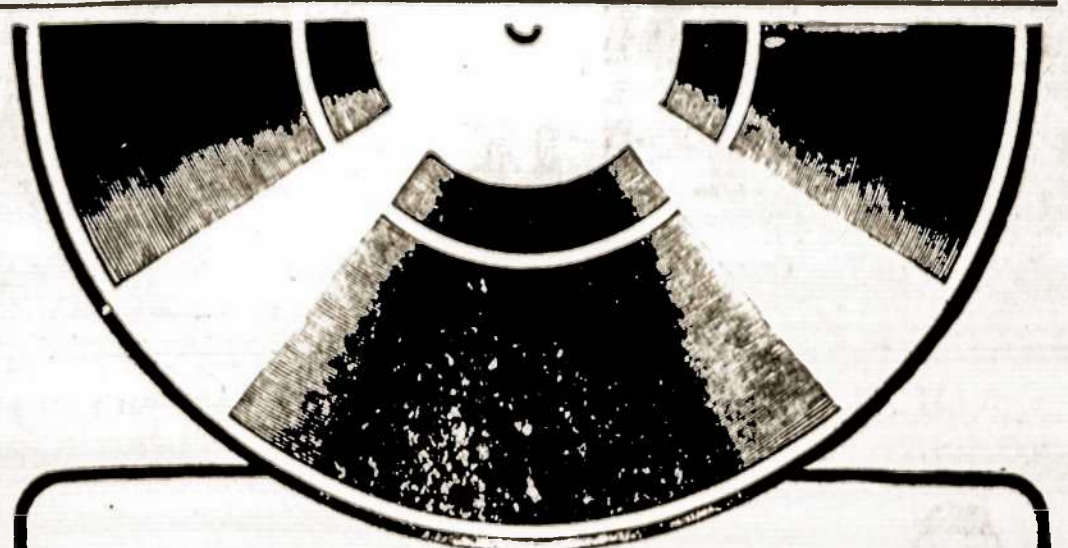
Zelaya doesn't like this country, and this country doesn't care what Zelaya likes or dislikes.

It is to be hoped that high prices haven't simply let go to get a better hold.

But the same comet that flooded Paris dried up the canals of Venice.

Sartorial.

"Ever go to that tailor?"
"Yes. Most expensive man. I got two suits from him—a dress suit and a lawsuit."—Lippincott's.



Columbia Records

Disc and Cylinder



fit any "talking machine" and make it sound almost as good as the Columbia Graphophone.

The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

FOR SALE BY
NORTHFIELD PRESS



IS APPROVINGLY USED BY
DOCTORS AND NURSES.

Victor Liniment

Is a highly refined preparation for the human flesh, and is esteemed most valuable for every home. Ask your druggist about it. Insist on

Victor Liniment

and take no other.

Kept Up to the Notch.

It was not exactly his money or his life that was demanded of a new clerk by a man who entered the store, but it was something that the clerk valued highly.

"Let me have your watch, please," said the visitor.

With busy bookkeepers to the right and to the left of him it was apparent that this could not be a very serious holdup. Nevertheless the new clerk said, "I'll be blessed if I will!"

"Oh, I'll give it right back!" said the man. "I only want to regulate it."

The new clerk calmed his indignant spirit and by asking a few questions learned that the firm he was working for hired an employee of the jeweler from whom most of the clerks bought their watches to go through the offices once a month and regulate and set all clocks and watches so they would keep correct time and afford no one an excuse for being late. The clerk handed over his watch.

"I've saved the price of tinkering on this watch," he said, "even if I do have to come up to the scratch on time."—New York Globe.

A Pink Tea Swindle.

It was a prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with a rich dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get out the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned them. "I don't want to get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't, hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."—Everybody's Magazine.



Grapes and Peaches.
The grape has more sugar in it than any other fruit, nearly fifteen parts in a hundred being sugar. The peach has least, only 1 1/2 per cent.

Turkish Methods.
In Turkey nothing can be done without a bribe, but with a bribe, if it be only big enough, anything can be done, except, perhaps, the publication of correct news in a Turkish paper.

Wings of a Gnat.
The wings of a gnat vibrate at the rate of 15,000 times a second, this observation having been recorded through the use of an ingenious musical instrument.

KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

A Love Affair That Began on the Famous Irish Castle.

By HARRIET BISHOP WATERS.
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It was on the top of Blarney castle, 150 feet from the ground, that the affair began. They say there are a thousand shades of green in Ireland, and Gertrude, reaching back to the iron bars of the blarney stone, grasping them in a vise of fear, thought when she looked down that all the shades were mingled in one mazy mass. She bent her head down, pursed her red lips and pressed them to the cold undersurface of the stone. Heavens! What a depth down! Her head swam, her heart beat madly, her hands began to cramp. She was losing her grasp, she was falling. "Help!" Her stiffened



"I SHALL CERTAINLY SEE YOU SAFELY THROUGH THIS GAP."

lips managed to frame the appeal, and almost instantly she was lifted by strong arms and set squarely on her feet.

Once erect, Gertrude was brave enough and ashamed that she had lost her courage at a critical moment. She looked curiously at her preserver. He was a fine muscular fellow. He must have been, of course, or he could not have lifted her 140 pounds of avoirdupois so easily.

Nevertheless she raged inwardly that she should have needed his help.

The idea of this cool, collected, rather supercilious Englishman laughing at her!

With an effort she collected herself and looked her preserver in the eyes.

"It is a foolish thing to do," the young man said as he touched his hat. "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that several persons have fallen from the top of Blarney castle while endeavoring to kiss the blarney stone. Of course you are an American. Only Americans kiss the blarney stone." And, with a smile of amusement, he again touched his hat and turned away.

Gertrude was furious. "What right had he to be so impertinent even if he had saved her life? He was an odious Englishman, of course. She turned her back to his retreating form, but her sense of gratitude would not allow her to dismiss the subject in that way, and she called to him:

"Am I not to know to whom I am indebted for the saving of my life?"

"You put it altogether too strong," he replied, coming back at once. "I am not so sure that you would have fallen." And he handed her a bit of pasteboard on which was engraved, "Edward Harcourt, Hyde park, London."

"Just as I thought, a conceited Englishman; thinks no one but himself knows anything." Gertrude did not speak her thought; but, smiling her sweetest, she said:

"I am Gertrude Clinton, Mr. Harcourt, of New York. I certainly owe you my life. I was foolish; but, as you say, Americans do like to kiss the blarney stone. I am very grateful to you for your service."

"Pray do not mention it, Miss Clinton," responded Harcourt rather stiffly. "I feel sure you would not have fallen. It was only a temporary dizziness, which you would have overcome. However, I am glad you are safe." And, lifting his hat, he was gone.

"He is odious," muttered Gertrude, "perfectly odious." But she wished he had remained to go down the long flights of steep stone stairs with her. It was growing dark. The stairs were interminable, and there were many dark nooks and crannies. She thought of the tortured prisoners once confined in the dungeons and of all the dark tales told of the castle, and before she had reached the ground she had firmly made up her mind that it was not so pleasant, after all, to travel alone. Her adventure on the top of the castle was certainly not a pleasant thing to look back upon. She might have been lying a bruised, inert mass at the foot of the castle if it had not been for the young fellow who even as he rescued her had looked at her so superciliously.

"I hate him," she thought, and she stamped her little foot viciously. "I hope I will never lay eyes on him again." But when she entered the steam tram for Cork she found the only other occupant of the tram was the Englishman. He looked at her with a smile as she entered, but she studiously avoided his glance, and after that he paid no attention to her. He was a handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and a strong, earnest face. Gertrude could not help but look at him, and before they reached Cork she had wished more than once that he would talk to her. Apparently, however, nothing was further from his intentions, and when they reached Cork he alighted without ever looking at her.

A few days after Gertrude started out to make a tour of the Killarney lakes. When at Ross castle she was assisted into a boat for a fifteen mile tour of the lakes. To her astonishment and disgust she found that her vis-a-vis was Harcourt. He acknowledged her presence with a nod and then, apparently forgetting she was there, applied himself with diligence to looking at the wild and mountainous scenery along the shores of the celebrated lakes. Very soon the treacherous Irish skies began to weep, and it was a bedraggled lot of passengers that disembarked preparatory to the horseback trip through the Gap o' Dunloe. Gertrude's mount was a great rawboned animal, and she looked at it with dismay. How on earth would she ever scale its slippery sides to the saddle. Harcourt, watching her out of the tail of his eye, stepped forward to assist her, but she turned her back on him, led her horse over to a fence and from that position of vantage mounted. After that she lost sight of the Englishman. In fact, it would have been difficult for her to keep anything in sight, for she had all she could do to remain on her horse. The beast stumbled and floundered in the mud of the gap, and finally when the shrill notes of a bugle split the air the horse ignominiously slipped and fell, throwing Gertrude prone into the mud. But that was not the worst of it, for the horse in struggling to regain its feet threatened to strike the frightened girl with its hoofs. Once again she felt herself set fairly on her feet, and once again she saw her preserver was the Englishman.

This time he laughed. "I see we are fated to meet, Miss Clinton," he said, his eyes twinkling with merriment, but Gertrude did not see the funny side, and when her horse was righted again she mounted it in silence and disgust.

"I am going to lead this horse of yours, Miss Clinton," said Harcourt. "I have noticed all the way that it is not at all safe." And, sulking the action to the word, he took the bridle with that of his own animal and stalked on toward Kate Kearney's cottage.

Humiliated and ashamed, the girl watched him, admiring the set of his broad shoulders and the poise of his well shaped head, but she could not and would not accept his services.

"I cannot allow you to walk in this mud," she said. "Please give me the bridle. I really must insist that you ride."

"My dear Miss Clinton," was the reply, given somewhat with an air of amusement which grated on Gertrude sorely. "I shall certainly see you safely through this gap. I am sorry if my company disturbs you. I will not talk to you, but I will lead your horse." And lead it he did until Kate Kearney's cottage was reached.

But during the coach ride back to Killarney village Gertrude was ashamed of her sulking. She and Harcourt sat side by side and became very chummy before the ride was over. Harcourt was cheerful and chatty, and Gertrude made up her mind that he was not so odious as she had first thought him. He was communicative, and she discovered that he was a man of leisure, traveling about for pleasure. He, in his turn, found that Gertrude was making her first trip abroad and was a teacher in a New York city school. He had never cared much for self supporting women. They had, in fact, not been common in his experience. He had always felt that they must be strong minded and obnoxious. But how pretty this girl was! What lovely brown eyes and hair and what a graceful figure! Harcourt, who thought himself a connoisseur in women, acknowledged that he was pleased with Gertrude.

They saw each other often in the next few weeks, for both were mak-

ing the same tour of Ireland, and both were to go through the lake country of Scotland. They were soon numbered with a good sized touring party and were surrounded by a gay coterie of friends, who admired the stalwart young fellow and the lovely girl who was so often by his side. Their relations from being friendly grew to a warmth which ought to have opened their eyes wide to the direction in which they were traveling, but both were blissfully unconscious, taking the good the gods provided without questioning.

Gertrude, however, was destined to a rude awakening. One day when they were making a tour of Melrose abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends, one of whom was a tall black eyed girl, who threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and called him "Edward."

With a sinking at her heart Gertrude watched the young Englishman.

She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and, with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey. Going rapidly back to her hotel and finding that she could leave Melrose at once, she packed her few belongings, made her way to the station, and when Harcourt returned and called for her she was gone. He was mystified enough. What had happened? He could not imagine. He had not knowingly hurt her in any way. How lonely it was without her! How he missed her bright, cheery ways, the sparkle of her brown eyes, her girlish laughter! "Can it be," thought the young fellow, "that I am in love?"

Before the next day he felt there could not be much doubt about it, for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours. Then it was that he determined to follow her and tell her he loved her with all the ardor of a nature that had never flattered itself away in the love of many women. He traveled day after day, getting now and then a clew of the girl, but he never found her, and when he finally reached London he was almost discouraged. He could not remember the steamer she was to take back to America nor the port from which she was to sail, but he scanned passenger lists and haunted steambath offices with a pertinacity that laid him open to criticism by his friends, who one and all declared the truth—that he was in love.

Gertrude, for her part, was miserable indeed. The thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the Englishman and called him Edward was torture, but the thought she had so tamely surrendered herself to a love which had been unasked and evidently undesired was far greater torture. By the time she had reached London she was a very weary girl indeed, and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America. In a sort of aimless way she did Westminster abbey and the galleries, and during those days of waiting she took a fancy to the omnibuses, which are so great a feature of London life. Day after day she rode on the tops of the buses, looking at the sights of London, listening to the sounds, but for the most part thinking of the young fellow who had become so much to her. She was impatient with herself, but she felt a little sorry for herself also, and when one begins to pity oneself one is in bad condition.



SHE FELT HERSELF LIFTED BY TWO STRONG ARMS.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted before in the evening—took a bus ride. She was just homesick enough and out of sorts enough to want to lose herself for a time in London traffic. She went out to Trafalgar square, signaled a bus, mounted to its top and gave herself up to the contemplation of London streets in the evening from the top of a motor bus. She rode an hour or so until, finally arousing herself with a start, she saw that she was approaching her starting point. She started down the steep flight of little stairs to the ground. Just be-

fore she reached the bottom step the bus gave a lurch, and Gertrude was precipitated to the ground. It seemed as if thousands of vehicles were ready and waiting to pass over her body. There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms, set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety. Trembling and shaken, she looked up to her preserver. Of course it could be none other than the Englishman. There was only one pair of strong arms like that in the world.

"Three times and out, my darling," said Harcourt. "You are not to be trusted alone ever any more. You are my little love, my wife that is to be. Never again will I trust you out of my sight."

"But the black eyed girl who called you Edward and kissed you!" sobbed the thoroughly unnerved girl.

"Was that the reason?" almost shouted Harcourt. "You little goose, you blessed little goose, it just happened to be my sister; that is all. I will introduce you to her tomorrow."

Blissfully happy, yet with a little common sense mingled with her happiness, Gertrude persuaded her lover to curb his impatience for a hasty marriage, but it was only a few short weeks when over in America another alliance was made between England and America which made two hearts beat as one.

His Tokens of Farewell.

Among the legends that have gathered around Sir Alfred Jones' name is one to the effect that he was in the habit of signifying to an office visitor, by offering him a banana, that he desired to end the interview. If the banana was accepted and the call prolonged Sir Alfred arose and presented his visitor with a fine flower from one of the glass stands in his office. But, supposing his visitor stayed after the flower—well, the legend continues. Sir Alfred then offered a pass to the West Indies on one of his small steamers, with a free holiday for six weeks at his hotel.

It is told, however, that on one occasion Sir Alfred got the worst of the banana trick. A young reporter called on him to learn on behalf of his newspaper something about the shipping conflict. When, after a ten seconds' conversation regarding the weather, Sir Alfred's hand was straying toward the banana plate, the reporter hooked a couple of bananas out of his own pocket. In the sweetest tone of innocence he said, "Will you have a banana, Sir Alfred?"—Westminster Gazette.

The Vital Test.

"My eyes seem to be all wrong," explained Mr. Pinchpenny to the expensive oculist. "They're weak and tire easily. After a bit everything seems to swim before them. Bright lights make me dizzy. Can you assist me?"

The expensive oculist nodded. "Your case is a common one," he replied, "but I fear it will necessitate a treatment extending over several months. However, I can guarantee an absolute and enduring cure."

Biweekly for several months Mr. Pinchpenny was treated, and day by day his sight waxed stronger and more strong.

"Do you think I'm all right now?" he inquired at last.

"Mr. Pinchpenny," replied the oculist, beaming, "I think I can assure you that your eyes are now cured. But there is one more test it would be as well to apply." Here he held up a little sheet of paper. "See," he said suavely, "if you can read this little bill of mine at twelve inches without blinking."—London Answers.

Recipes For Invisible Ink.

The following are the ingredients of the most common invisible inks: Sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, equal parts, dissolved in water; writes colorless, but turns yellow when heated. Onion juice, like the last. A weak infusion of galls; turns black when moistened with weak copperas water. A weak solution of sulphate of iron; turns blue when moistened with a weak solution of prussiate of potash and black with infusion of galls. The diluted solutions of nitrate of silver and terchloride of gold; darken when exposed to the sunlight. Aqua fortis, spirits of salt, oil of vitriol, common salt or saltpeter, dissolved in a large quantity of water; turns yellow or brown when heated. Solution of nitromulate of cobalt; turns green when heated and disappears on cooling. Solution of acetate of cobalt to which a little niter has been added; becomes rose colored when heated and disappears on cooling.

Knew the Wrong Man.

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk in a Philadelphia station notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly" and then asked the magistrate if he might speak.

"Yes," replied the magistrate. "What have you to say?"

"Well, judge, I was drunk last night, but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life, and any one can tell you that."

"Oh, lived here all your life, have

you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I know —. He can tell you all about me." "You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days," was the result.

Justification.

The old dorky had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service.

"What!" protested the passenger. "A dollar for that distance? Why, is isn't half a mile as the crow flies!"

"Dat's true, boss," returned Sambo, with an appealing smile. "But, ye see, sub, dat old crow he ain't got free wives an' ten chilluns to support, not to mention de keep foh de boss."—Harper's Weekly.

He Had.

The kind hearted man had given the panhandler a nickel.

"Haven't you got anything smaller?" asked the panhandler.

"Well, here's a dime; that's smaller," answered the good natured man, displaying the coin for a moment and walking away.—Buffalo Express.

Musical Note.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came out of an area and hit him with his staff. Several notes were found upon him.—London Mail.

Skating on Playgrounds.

Philadelphia has started a unique plan for utilizing the playgrounds of the city to the best advantage during the winter and has had grounds upon which the boys and girls skipped and played games during the summer flooded and turned into an open air skating rink for the use of youngsters who own skates and are interested in the sport.

The Oppidist.

[A New Jersey woman suggests the term "oppidism," from the Latin word oppidum, meaning a town, to express devotion to one's home place.]

Ho, I'm a jolly oppidist!
All ye who hear my lay,
I do beseech ye, lean and list
To hear what I shall say.
I love the town I'm living in
All other towns above;
It is the place I make my "tin,"
And that's the place to love.

I'm such an oppidist, in fact,
My town I never roam,
And when by others it is whacked
I then begin to boast;
I brag about our public square;
I boast the schoolhouse, too;
I say our girls are very fair,
And that is simply true.

I'm oppidistic every time
I get a chance to be.
I oppidize in prose and rhyme,
And do the same with glee.
An optimistic oppidist
Am I from top to toe.
My oppidism they can't resist
Wherever I may go.

And mine's the sort of oppidism
That helps the town along,
Opposing every sort of schism
That looks awry or wrong.
And—stick a pin here, man or maid—
Herein a secret lies:
You've got to patronize home trade
If you would oppidize.



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FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1910

Several new advertisements are appearing in the PRESS each week. We want our readers to notice them, but we also want none of the older ones overlooked. The men who keep their names constantly before the public, have the right theory of advertising. Every advertisement in the PRESS is perfectly reliable and our columns are a business directory which it will always pay you to consult. We know of a case in East Northfield just last week where an advertisement in the PRESS was answered and the purchaser of goods declared that he had saved by that one purchase more than the subscription price of the paper. Last Friday Mrs. Elmer advertised russet apples for sale. She sold all her apples within six hours after the 'ad' appeared. Cases like these are continually coming to our attention and we are prepared to amend the old saying that 'it pays to advertise.' We would add 'it pays to read advertisements.'

Town Meeting.

Last Monday's town meeting was one of the best attended and most interesting meetings that has been held in many years. A goodly number of important matters were presented for consideration, among which were the lighting of the streets, the enforcement of the motor vehicle laws and the extension of roadways. C. S. Warner, A. G. Moody and Dr. N. P. Wood were appointed as a committee to investigate the various methods of street lighting and to make recommendations. \$300 was appropriated to cut a road from Dr. Pierson's east to Winchester road and \$100 for the extension of Glenwood avenue to Birnham road.

The result of the meeting by ballot and show of hands was as follows:—

Moderator, C. D. Robbins; clerk and treasurer, W. J. Wright; selectmen and overseers of the poor O. L. Leach, C. L. Robbins, A. W. Proctor; assessor for three years, S. C. Holton; school committee for three years, L. R. Smith; auditor, Walter H. Waite; tax collector, Merrill T. Moore; tree warden, F. W. Doane; constables, F. W. Doane, Fred H. Watson, Dwight L. Proctor. Appropriations: Enforcing automobile laws and erecting signs, \$25; schools, 5100; library, 1000; care of cemeteries, 150; highways and bridges, 4000; clearing snow, 50; ferry boat, 300; care of trees, 150; use Unitarian horse shed, 100; town debt, 3110; tables in town hall, 25; Memorial day, 50; contingent and poor, 3500; total, 17,560. Liquor license: Yes, 62; no, 141.

Be Cheerful.

Be cheerful no matter what reverses obstruct your pathway or what plagues follow you in your trail to annoy you. Ask yourself what is to be gained by looking or feeling sad when troubles throng around you or how your condition is to be alleviated by abandoning yourself to despondency. If you are a young man nature designed you to "be of good cheer," and should you find your road to fortune, fame or respectability or any other boon to which your young heart aspires a little thorny consider it all for the best and that these impediments are only thrown in your way to induce greater efforts and more patient endurance on your part. If you are of the softer, fairer portion of humanity be cheerful, though we know full well that most affections are sweet to you when compared with disappointment and neglect, yet let hope banish despair and ill forebodings. Be cheerful. Do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life and not the travelling monument of despair and melancholy.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Brazilian scientists have succeeded in developing a new variety of coffee with unusually large, fine berries which ripen early.

The Shoshone irrigation dam in northern Wyoming, which will be 310 feet high, will be the highest masonry dam in the world.

Norway has a permanent pharmacopoeia commission, consisting of three proprietors of pharmacies and three professors of medicine.

England is building a floating drydock with a lifting capacity of 17,000 tons, which will be towed to Bermuda for use of naval vessels on this side of the Atlantic.

Boys' Brigade Honor Roll.

The honor roll of the Boys' Brigade for the year 1909 is as follows: 100 per cent, Joseph Waite; 98 per cent, James Shea, Harold McGrath; 95 per cent, Carl Newton; 93 per cent, Mark McLean, Will Dalton; 90 per cent, Raymond Culver, Carl Holton, Richard Holton, Everett Howard; 75 per cent, Will Brodevick, Alfred Holton. There were 40 drills during the year. To the men who have 90 per cent or over a silver service medal will be awarded. To those who have 75 per cent to 90 per cent a bronze medal will be given. Serg. Waite, whose attendance has been perfect, was awarded a book by the Commandant at last week's drill, after which he received the heart applause of the Company.

WARWICK.

G. A. Witherell fell on the ice Friday morning and hurt his elbow severely.

Mrs. Edith Manning of Brush Valley is now at Memorial hospital, Worcester, where she has undergone an operation. It is reported she is doing well.

Messrs. Oakes and Felton have dissolved partnership and the farm will be carried on by Mr. Felton. Mr. and Mrs. Oakes are now in Athol, where Mrs. Oakes is very sick.

A new clock, donated by the Ladies' society, has been placed in the Congregational church.

Miss Sanderson leaves this week for Leyden, where she will make a short visit before going to her home in Newton.

Miss Florence Bennett is home for a week.

H. B. Alvord spent Sunday in town at the home of Rev. John Graham.

Schools close this week for a vacation of three weeks.

Clifford H. Worden spent Sunday in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Worden.

Mr. Jones of Salem, a brother of Miss Clara Jones is spending a few days with his mother.

Warren Whitman is going to work in Athol.

Merriam Barnard and a friend from Worcester called on Miss A. M. Goldsberry last Friday. They had driven through from Worcester in a sleigh.

G. A. Witherell has rented the Wegmer place and is having it papered and painted for residence in the near future.

The services at Brush Valley are well attended.

Sheldon A. Houghton, who has a position in Worcester, spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Houghton.

Several of the friends of Clifford Manning surprised him on the evening of his sixteenth birthday. Games were played and refreshments served and all spent an enjoyable evening.

Afton Whittemore spent Sunday in town.

The result of the election at Warwick town meeting is as follows: Moderator, Wm. H. Bass; town clerk, Samuel Hastings; selectmen, Samuel Hastings, L. W. Green, Ludwig Nordstedt; assessor, Ludwig Nordstedt; treasurer, Samuel Hastings; collector of taxes, Frank C. Green; constables, F. C. Green, C. A. Williams; school committee, Miss Rhoda Ann Cook; tree warden, B. H. Worden; superintendent cemetery, Samuel Hastings; trustees of library, David A. Collier, Clara A. Jones, Rhoda A. Cook; auditors, G. A. Witherell, Nils Ohlson; field drivers, E. A. Prouty, Frances Batchelder, Herbert Baird; fence viewers, C. A. Williams, B. H. Worden, L. S. Felton; surveyors of wood and bark, Walter L. Mann, G. N. Williams, Frank C. Green, Frank Whipple; surveyors of lumber, W. H. Bass, L. W. Green, G. N. Williams, Charles Moulton.

The Raising of Rice.

The cultivation of rice extends back into the dim past, and there are no authentic records as to when it first began. Evidence points, however, to the Chinese having been among the earliest people to cultivate it, and such great value was attached to it that in the annual ceremonial sowing of important plants inaugurated by the Emperor Chinnong so far back in the past as 2800 B. C. the rice had to be sown only by the emperor himself, while the four other plants of the ceremony might be sown by the princes of his family. In India rice has been cultivated from time immemorial. It was introduced at an early period into Syria, Egypt and other parts of northern Africa. In more modern times rice has been sown in Spain, France and Italy, the first cultivation in the last named country being stated to have been near Pisa in 1408. The plant is believed to have been introduced into America in 1647, when Sir William Berkeley raised a crop of sixteen bushels from half a bushel of seed.

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FIGHTING THE GRIP OF CRAFT

All Phases of Worldwide War on Drink Dealt With by Famous Writers.

That the battle against graft and lawlessness, especially as it relates to the nation wide fight against the liquor traffic, is destined for history making conflict during the present year 1910 is the conclusion arrived at from the perusal of advance sheets of the well known reference annual of the reform, the American Prohibition year book.

The year book, which is a compact, handy volume of 250 pages, deals little in "futures," but with every inch of its space packed full with the latest data of the temperance and Prohibition movement it affords emphatic proof for the prediction that the tremendous development of public interest in the question means a year of strenuous agitation during 1910.

With every point classified for the busiest student or worker in the cause the 1910 year book summarizes the most recent data, facts, figures and argument of a hundred phases of the Prohibition reform.

The 1910 year book gives the testimony and pointed observation of more than 400 leaders in the political, industrial, social and religious worlds of endeavor, men and women distinguished in state and nation and in a large number of cases of worldwide fame.

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More than a hundred statesmen, officials and judges, both in America and foreign lands, including presidents, cabinet officers, governors, senators, congressmen and other prominent officials, are represented in the year, book pages.

One hundred scientists, economists, scholars and world known leaders in research and investigation participate in the discussions of the year book.

More than a hundred business men, capitalists, labor leaders, writers and editors present their testimony as to the results of local and state no license legislation.

Nearly 150 reformers and religious leaders, among them the most prominent workers in the Prohibition cause throughout America and the world, add the wealth of their counsel and experience in the text of the year book.

A unique feature of the 1910 year book is its series of illustrations, graphs and diagrams illuminating important topics and group half tone pictures of more than fifty men and women distinguished in their loyal service to the Prohibition cause.

Thorough study is made in the 1910 year book of the actual size of the liquor question at the present time, as shown in the current vested interests of the "trade" and the grip of the traffic on municipal, state and national politics. One of the strongest chapters is given to a historical study of the national Prohibition movement with specially contributed articles by well known writers on significantly related reforms.

Typical Discussions of Current Issues In 1910 Year Book.

A glimpse of some of the many timely subjects discussed in the 1910 year book is seen in the following headlines taken haphazard through its pages: "The Liquor Traffic as a Tax Dodger."

"Why the Liquor Traffic is an Economic Blight."

"How the Drink Trade Has Reduced Lawlessness to a Fine Art."

"The Year's Record of Misrepresentation by the Brewers' Press Bureau."

"The New Era of Debates."

"The Political Power of the Liquor Traffic as Traced in Current Events."

"World Progress of the Cause."

"Drunkennes and the Alcohol Menace In Beer and Wine Drinking Countries of Europe."

"The Beer Sham—The 'Food Value' Fallacy."

"Industrial Life and the Saloon."

"Bibliography of the Prohibition Movement." (Two hundred and eighty-eight references on sixteen leading phases.)

"How the Liquor Traffic Cheats and Assails Every American Home." (With a series of nine popular studies in concrete economies by the well known writer George B. Waldron.)

"The Latest Results of Prohibition as Detailed by Governors, Senators, Congressmen and Other Officials."

"The Latest Voice of Science on the Liquor Question."

"Directory of Organizations and Societies Dealing With Civic and Moral Reform."

"Ammunition For the Prohibition Sharpshooter." (With 125 paragraphs of epigrammatic quotations on the great reform.)

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Thursdays, 8 p. m.

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Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
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Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church Notes

At a Parish meeting of the Unitarian Society held on Monday evening a unanimous call was extended to the Rev. Arthur E. Wilson of Clinton, Mass., to become the pastor of the church. Mr. Wilson has preached here twice and each time made a very favorable impression. He also comes with the highest recommendations. It is hoped he will accept the call.

Rev. W. W. Coe will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sunday morning while the pastor, Rev. N. Fay Smith, is at Mt. Hermon.

Mount Hermon School

On Monday evening the honorary members of the Philomathean Literary Society entertained the society at Cottage II. A mandolin club, composed entirely of the members of the society played several pieces. Paul Blackstone sang, and Profs. Ashworth and Aiken gave readings. The program closed with a song by the quartette. After the entertainment games were played and refreshments served.

Last Saturday President E. D. Warfield of Lafayette College lectured before the Saturday Club on "John Calvin". He spoke at both morning and evening services on Sunday. Tomorrow Dr. C. R. Richards, Director of the Cooper Union of New York City, speaks before the Club. The subject of his lecture has not yet been announced.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to award medals to any student breaking a school record.

During the past week a visit was received from two old Hermonites who are doing evangelist work. Mr. Dokrell spoke briefly regarding his relations to Hermon, and then asked Mr. McCurdy to sing.

The Fortnightly

The regular meeting of the Fortnightly on March 8th was called to order by the President Mrs. Ward. Two songs, "Light hearted Fairy" and "Holy Night" were charmingly rendered by a quartet of girls from the High School. An earnest plea was read from the State Superintendent of the Flower Mission for flowers for Easter for the sick and shut in among the poor of Boston, and the members of the Fortnightly are asked to contribute for that worthy cause at the next meeting. A short time was devoted to Current Events and the program of the day was taken up by Miss Dickinson in a comprehensive paper on "Women of the French Salon".

The topic proved intensely interesting and the time was all too short for the story of the brilliant and fascinating Madame Rambouillet and the long line of distinguished French women whose influence on French life and learning cannot be overestimated. Mrs. Wood read a paper on the French Academy tracing the foundation of that society of the "forty immortals" to the influence of the Salon. Mrs. Richardson read a short sketch of two notable women and Mrs. Waite gave a paper on Madame Roland and Madame de Stael. Other papers had to be omitted for lack of time.

Northfield Farms

There will be a dance at Union Hall March 18.

Willie Kelly of Three Oaks, Michigan, son of Ed. Kelly, is visiting his aunt Mrs. Chas. A. Parker.

A play entitled, "The Church Fair" will be given by twelve ladies at Union Hall March, 16. Everybody come.

The engagement is announced of J. Studly Alexander of Cleveland, Ohio, grandson of the late Geo. F. Alexander, to Miss Francis Alliston of Pittsburgh, Pa. They will be married the latter part of June. Mr. Alexander is travelling salesman for a lace firm.

NOTICE

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until March 26, 1910, at noon, for the building of a new ferry boat for use at Munn's ferry. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

O. L. Leach
A. W. Proctor
C. L. Robbins
Selectmen of Northfield.

MY CREED.

I believe in God because it is harder to disbelieve.
I believe in immortality because I now live.
I believe in cleanliness of body and of mind and of soul.
I believe in kindness that goes out to man, woman, child and animal.
I believe in truth because it is the only thing that makes me free.
I believe that charity begins at home, but does not end there.
I believe in mercy, as I myself hope for mercy.
I believe in moral courage because I am more than a brute.
I believe in patience because it is the swiftest means to secure results.
I believe in that kind of industry that takes an occasional vacation.
I believe in that sort of economy that spends money for a good purpose.
I believe in honesty—not for policy's sake, but for principle's sake.
I believe in hospitality because it puts a roof over every man's head.
I believe in necessary suffering because it chastens and purifies.
I believe in self control because I want to influence others.
I believe in obedience because it is the only way to learn how to command.
I believe in righteousness because it is the shortest and best line between two eternities.
I believe in real courtesy because it is a big part of religion.
I believe in hope because it sees the star behind the cloud.
I believe in love because it is the only real solvent of all life's problems.
I believe in brotherly kindness because I want to be a "big brother."
I believe in courage because it is the real badge of success.
I believe in temperance because I want to live long in this good world.
I believe in knowledge because when I get to heaven I don't want to go into the primary department.

EDWIN NYE.

A STERILIZED BOY.

In New York city a little boy, heir to millions, is being brought up on the sterilization plan.

Everything the boy eats, wears, breathes or handles is sterilized. His clothing, food, the air he breathes—even his toys—are made immune from microbes.

It is believed when he grows to manhood he will be a perfect specimen of the race.

Poor little fellow!
What fun they are depriving him of! He cannot play in the park or go barefooted and cool his feet in the sand or mix mud pies.

Microbes!
He cannot play leap frog or marbles or slide down a cellar door or trade pennies or chalk or jackknives with the boys of his street.

Microbes!
He cannot go to school with Mike and Billy and fight 'em on the way home. And as to going in swimming or trading shirts—

Microbes!
Why, the little fellow cannot even call a dog his own except the dog be sterilized.

What sort of a man will this wisp of humanity make, always provided they do not kill him by sterilization before he is out of his teens?

Boys are made into men by friction.

They go up against microbes, eat them, drink them, breathe them, handle them, fight them, overcome them. Resistance makes men of them physically.

And when you come into the realm of character resistance is absolutely necessary. To fill the measure of manhood a boy must rub up against other boys in the republic of boyhood and get the corners knocked off.

A boy must give and take if he is to become a man.

You can make a stalled ox the prize in a fat stock show by isolation and sterilization, but you can't make a man that way.

They are robbing that New York boy of his boyhood—life's biggest asset.

And when they get through with him—if he survives—he will be a big, helpless infant crying in the night of his inexperience.

One thing is sure:
The process of sterilization will take all the joy out of the boy's life.

Another Creditor.

Blobbs—Harduppe says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Harduppe is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes \$10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

The Second Annual Concert

OF THE

Northfield High School

Will be given in the

Town Hall, Monday Evening, March 14
at 8.00 o'clock

Cantata: "The Wreck of the Hesperus"

By High School CHORUS, assisted by

Mr. E. H. Miller, Baritone, of Brattleboro

Miss Rema Reckahn, Soprano, of Northampton

Mr. Maurice J. Kendall, Tenor, of Boston

and Mr. Wm. Spencer Johnson, Pianist, recently of Leipsig, Germany.

A short Musical Program by the GIRLS' GLEE CLUB and the Assisting Artists will precede the Cantata.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS
Tickets for sale at the Northfield Press
and at the Bookstore, East Northfield.



SPRING HATS

A complete line of Snappy Shapes and Colors just received from the manufacturer. The Boston 1915 is our leader.

Neckwear

An elegant assortment of new neckwear for the spring trade. I selected the silks and had the neckwear made up on the latest models.

A. W. PROCTOR

THE NORTHFIELD
EAST NORTHFIELD - MASS.

Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort.
Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas
Excellent table. Good Livery and Garage.
Sleighting, Skating, Skeeing and other Winter Sports. Specially low rates during the winter months. Illustrated Booklet Free.

Ambert G. Moody, Manager

H. S. Stone, Ass't Manage

W. G. SLATE
HOME LAUNDRY

Family Washing a Specialty
Also Piece Work
A Postal will bring quick response.
R.F.D No. 1, Northfield

Spring is Coming

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Pleasantly situated amid the famous old elms on Main Street.
Excellent Table and Service
\$2.00 Per Day
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Carriage Painting
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We have a large line of

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at Reasonable Prices

Which we shall be pleased to show you.

NOW is the time To Buy

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Cut Flowers

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At WOOD'S PHARMACY

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Lowest Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed



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THE MAN AND THE METHOD.

Among many interesting and instructive features of the late national horticultural congress at Council Bluffs, Ia., perhaps none has received greater commendation and publicity than the apple exhibit of a Mr. Mincer of Hamburg, Ia., a little town located in Fremont, the southwest county of the state. It seems that Mr. Mincer has for several years past had charge of a twenty acre orchard, which for some time previous had been badly neglected. On taking charge he began spraying and gave the orchard in other respects the best care he could. Last year he attended the horticultural show at Council Bluffs and exhibited a few apples, but they were not up to the standard of the western fruit. However, he kept his eyes open, took notes and pumped the western ranchmen as to just how they produced their fine fruit. He found that it was by giving intensive, painstaking care to a few acres which made improved methods possible. He acted on this suggestion and devoted most of his attention last season to seven acres. When he appeared at the fruit show last November he had an exhibit which was considered by both visitors and judges to be one of the very finest in the hall. He had gained size and color, while in the packing of his exhibit he had been assisted by a young lady who had had experience in Idaho packing houses. The net result of his efforts was that he was awarded a number of the most valuable prizes and trophies which were put up. On the business side he not only received a high price for the choice apples left after his show stock was selected, but was offered \$3 a box straight for his exhibit fruit. This instance not only points to the immense educational value of these national fruit exhibits in providing a stimulus for better efforts, but shows what is even more important—that after all is said and done it is more the man and his method than it is climate and soil that are the chief determining factors in the attainment of success in the fruit business. This man's achievement should be a source of encouragement to fruit growers in all sections.

POOR CLAY TILE.

Not long ago there appeared an article in this department warning prospective users of drain tile against cement tile improperly made. A friend who is engaged in the manufacture of cement tile in a letter received a short time ago admits the truth and fairness of the article, but thinks it gives the impression that no poor clay tile are made. We are glad to state that this is far from the truth. If the clay body from which the tile is made contains an excess of lime and magnesium or other ingredients aside from the silicon and aluminum compounds, which should largely compose it, they are quite likely to lack uniformity of texture, will be too brittle and are apt to go to pieces when exposed to ordinary soil or air conditions. And it goes without saying that a collapsed clay tile is just as worthy of condemnation and strict avoidance as a shoddy cement tile. As in the case of the cement tile, much will depend upon the integrity and reputation of the firm manufacturing. The only point in favor of the clay tile is that there is not the incentive present to scrimp expense in the cost of manufacture, as is the case with the manufacturer of cement tile in the use of poor sand and in the reduction of the per cent of cement below the proper amount. A tile drain system is no better than the poorest section in it; hence he who has in view such a system of drainage should exercise the greatest caution that the tile used should be above defect or reproach, and this holds true equally of both the burned clay and the cement product.

FAMILY AND MARKET ORCHARDS

For the apple orchard which is to produce fruit for family use only it does very well to set several varieties, which will answer the several purposes for which the fruit is used and will cover as long a season of consumption as possible. But if the apples are to be grown for the market it is by all means best to restrict the varieties set to one or two kinds which are known to be prolific and hardy and will fetch a good price at the season when one must market

them. A buyer would always prefer to handle a carload of fruit of uniform quality and one variety, than a conglomerate, mixed up assortment, even if the several varieties ripened at the same time, which is rarely the case. We are well aware of the fact that if left to himself many a nurseryman will load his patrons up with just as many varieties—good, bad and indifferent—as he will take, but he ignores the conditions which make the largest success possible when he does so.

With the poultry and egg business of the country aggregating close to \$650,000,000 annually, it will have to be styled as a pretty good sized side issue.

The Japs seem to have caught on to the benefits to a country of the dairy business and are picking up some fine dairy animals in this country for shipment to the Flowery Kingdom.

All too often a breachy, runaway team and an ancient, toggled up harness belong to the same man. Either one alone is bad enough, but together they are calculated to make a fellow lose what little religion he may have cultivated.

Many a colt is weak and wobbly at birth because its dam has had little, or no exercise during pregnancy, coupled with a diet in which corn has formed too large a part. Moderate work will keep the mare in the best of health, and this is also best for the colt.

The young things—the lambs and little pigs—will be putting in appearance within a few weeks now, and if suitable quarters, dry and clean, are not already provided for lambing and farrowing they should be before the time arrives. Much young stuff is annually lost through neglect in this one particular.

In localities where the winter weather is cold and the snow so deep as to keep the fowls from having free range a scratching shed with south exposure should be provided adjoining the poultry house. Here in the warmer hours of the day the hens will gather and should be made to scratch for their small grain ration.

Where the manure cannot be spread at once on accumulating it should be so handled that there will be the least possible loss of its fertilizing elements from rain and weather until the job can be done. Careful tests which have been made show that if left to leach manure will lose half of its value in the course of four or five months.

In several states dogs are considered property and are given a nominal value of a dollar simply to establish their legal status. In these states an owner may recover damages if his dog is killed without good excuse and is also held responsible for damage that the dog may be responsible for, be it killing sheep, causing runaways or other form of trespass.

As a rule the low, wet acres are the richest in fertilizing elements and will be the most productive if properly tilled. In the inauguration of the more intensive type of agriculture which must surely come with a steady increase in population and cheap lands about all taken up, this redemption of the wet acres ought to receive an ever increasing attention.

Individuality in cows has been given a thorough test of late at the Wisconsin experiment station. At the end of the testing period, three years, it was found that the receipts from one cow exceeded her cost of keep by \$110, while the combined profit of five other cows for the same time was only \$114, but a trifle more than the same return, and that, too, with nearly five times the amount of feed and work bestowed on the one. There ought to be a suggestion or two in these figures for the practical dairyman.

A friend who has a wideawake boy sent him to the state fair last fall, let him attend the agricultural short course at the county seat a few weeks ago and says he is going to have him attend the international live stock show at Chicago next December. It is a fair assumption that this lad is being impressed with the importance of agriculture as a business by these means to such an extent that he will not be lured from the farm by the glitter of electric lighted streets and the chance to wear a standup collar and earn \$3.50 a week behind a dry goods or clothing counter.

The claim has been made within the past few weeks that the packer has been doing the farmer a kindness by boosting the prices of live stock to such unusual levels. This is nothing but the packing interests deserve any particular credit for, for the supply has been so scarce that high prices have had to be offered to supply the fresh meat trade. It is safe to say that when the rank and file of feeders have sent stuff into which they have been cramming high priced feeds to market the prices will have suffered a disastrous slump. Judging from his past

conduct, when you find the packer doing anything on the benevolent order for the stock raiser the devil will have turned saint.

When rural carriers have to make a daily round of from twenty to twenty-five miles, rain or shine, snow or mud, the matter of good roads is a mighty pertinent one, and it is so held by the postal authorities at Washington, as a good many patrons in the northern snowbound states have likely concluded during the past few weeks. Some patrons we heard of the other day who live not more than forty miles away came to town following a big snowstorm which blocked the roads and gave a particular carrier fits because he did not make a certain piece of road and distribute mail along it. When they were asked if they came to town via this piece of unbroken road they answered: "Why, no. We came around 'the other way.'" The incident needs no further comment to make its point plain.

The potted house roses may be kept free from the minute red spiders and the green lice by dipping the plant in a soapuds of fair strength every two or three days and by an occasional spraying with a tobacco solution made by steeping tobacco stems and leaves or cheap smoking tobacco in warm water. Should the plants be troubled with mildew sprinkling with flower of sulphur will correct the trouble.

In buying a sow for breeding purposes it is well for the purchaser to take account of the number of pigs there were in the litter in which she was born. There may have been three, maybe eight, and possibly eleven or twelve. The young sow is quite likely to follow the breeding habit of her dam in respect of the number of the litter, and if a good producer is wanted a sow from a large litter should be selected.

In selecting seed corn for planting in the northern portion of the corn belt, where the season from planting to frost is barely more than a hundred days, a fellow will do well to steer shy of ears having too deep a kernel, as this type of corn, while handsome to look at and all right when planted in its proper climate, is almost sure to be late in maturing, to get caught with the frost and sour on the cob, making it impossible to properly cure and keep it.

It is conceded quite generally now by poultrymen who have made a study of food rations for laying hens that in the past fat forming foods, especially corn in its various forms, have constituted too large a per cent of the ration for the largest egg production. Tests recently made show best results from substituting the nitrogenous foods—clover, alfalfa, bran, etc.—in place of most of the corn. Under favorable conditions otherwise this one change in the diet of the hens has given remarkable results.

In a recent address before a North Dakota stock and grain growers' association a well known writer on agricultural subjects brought the charge against the manure spreader that its use means the distribution of large quantities of weed seeds in the raw and unfertilized manures which it handles. There may be something in this on a farm that is badly fouled with weeds, but the way to remedy the evil is not by dispensing with the use of the manure spreader, but by getting rid of the weeds, and to accomplish this a clean cultivation of tilled crops and a sensible system of crop rotation are the only methods that need be adopted.

There hasn't been a spring in years when the roads over so large an area were in as bad shape as they will be during the next two or three months. This is in part due to an unusually heavy October and November rainfall, coupled with an unprecedented fall of snow during the past three months. There is no agency by which the highways can be made shipshape in a shorter time than by the judicious use of the King road drag—in brief, the two halves of an eight or ten inch diameter log cut to a length of about eight feet and fastened together, one about three feet in front of the other, with flat side to the front, so that when pulled along the road they will work the loose surface earth toward the middle of the road, leveling down the humps and filling up the ruts and chuck holes. Where a log of the type described is not available a very satisfactory substitute is oak planks 2 by 10 inches and of the desired length, with a quarter inch thick strip of strap iron fastened on the planks so as to project enough to give the planks a scraping edge. It will not be long after the snow goes off that such a drag can be used, as there will be little frost in the ground and the roads will dry out fast.

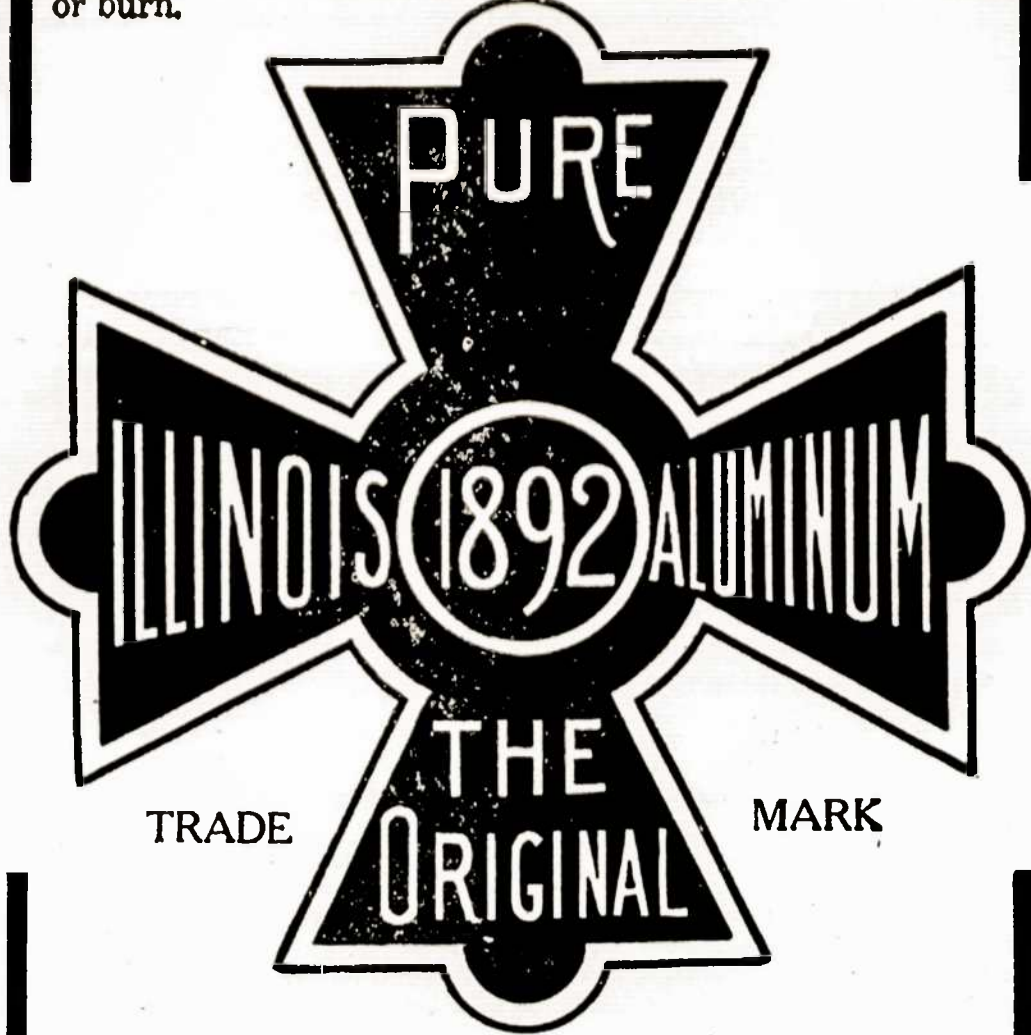
F. E. Trigg

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.



It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dish-washers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.

A STORY OF MEISSONIER.

The Painter's Two Breakfasts With a Stingy Art Patron.

Meissonnier once got acquainted with a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of posing as an art patron, but slightly penurious. One day Meissonnier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the tablecloth. "One could draw upon it," he remarked, and, suiting the action to the word, he produced a pencil and made on the smooth, snowy nap a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The particular tablecloth in question never went to the wash. The "economical swell" had the head carefully cut out of the damask and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterward Meissonnier again breakfasted with his patron and found by the side of his plate at the corner of the table assigned to him a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders, with a penknife and some India rubber.

While the guests, at the conclusion of the repast, were enjoying their coffee and cigarettes the host saw with delight "from the corner of his eye" that Meissonnier was hard at work on the tablecloth, this time with a superb little full length of a mediaeval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the "economical swell" rushed back to the dining room to secure his treasure. But, alas, the painter had for once shown himself as economical as his patron! He had made disastrously good use of the penknife, and one corner of the tablecloth was gone, halberdier and all!

Bismarck on the Throne of France. Bismarck on the throne of France! Bismarck was once spoken of in that connection, and by Napoleon too! It was during the detention of the de-throned emperor at Wilhelmshohe in 1871, when Napoleon and some members of his staff were discussing the probability of Napoleon reascending the French throne and news of the doings of the commune was brought in. "Horrible—too horrible!" exclaimed le petit empereur.

And then after a long silence he resumed, "I know a man who if on the French throne would be master of Germany in six months."

"His name, sire?" asked his nephew, Prince Murat.

"Bismarck," replied the emperor as he turned on his heel.

A Death Superstition.

In certain parts of Germany it is regarded as a death warning to hear a cricket's cry.

The world may owe every man a living, but with prices of foodstuffs where they are the majority of us have to scratch good and lively if we elect not to starve.

The earliest returns from the garden stuff will be secured from that planted on ground that was fall plowed. Owing to its physical condition such soil is warmer and hence makes possible a more rapid growth of plant life.

Peggy, the famous \$10,000 Crystal White Orlington hen belonging to Ernest Kellerstrass of St. Louis, was exhibited a short time since at a poultry show in Madison Square Garden, New York city. So highly is she prized that detectives were stationed near at hand to see that no harm befell her.

There is no better way to dispose of an article or implement which one does not longer need or of getting track of that which one does not have than by the insertion of a two or three line local in the home paper. We have in mind a number of farmers who employ this method and find it very satisfactory.

Many a boy or man has been able to live a clean and decent life because of a feeling of self respect—a regard for the worth and sacredness of his own personality—or from consideration of a family record before him in which he has felt just pride. Fortunate indeed are those who have an anchor of this type when times of stress and temptation come on.

Would Abolish Gondolas.

"In Venice not long ago I ran across a Chicago contractor to whom the antique and the picturesque, so much in evidence in that place of beauty, did not appeal," said Judge T. M. Long of San Francisco.

"The man was a utilitarian to the point of savagery. We stopped at the same hotel. One day I caught him immersed in a maze of figures that it had taken him hours to produce.

"What these blamed Eytallians want," said he, "is to clean up this town. It's horribly in need of modern sanitation, and most of all they want to build some solid streets. I'd take the job of tidying up Venice and filling up these ditches for about \$20,000,000, and then they'd have something to boast of properly."—Kansas City Star.

Feminine Ambition.

A girl's idea of culture is something that will enable her to dodge dish-washing.—Atchison Globe.

STRING EMBROIDERY.

Charming Results Obtained With Extremely Primitive Materials.

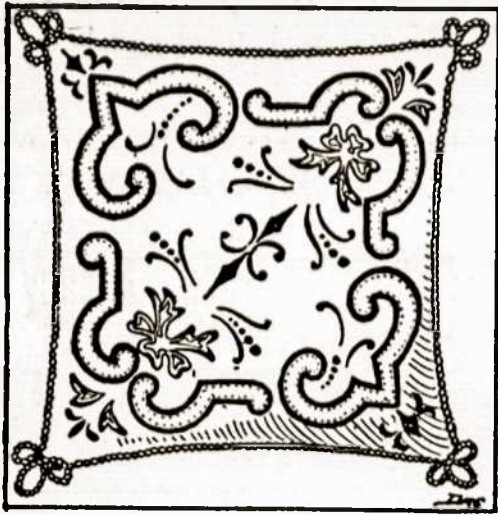
SMART DRESS TRIMMINGS.

The Sewing Necessary is Simply Satin Stitch—Shading Obtained With Darker Linen For Applique and Light String For Outline Cord.

Of the new embroideries and fancy stitches which have been evolved by the sudden revival of artistic needlework astonishing results are offered by the deft handling of such primitive materials as coarse linen and common string.

At a recent exhibition held in Paris by the Salon des Artistes Français the greatest piece of attraction was without doubt the magnificent portiere, cushion covers and dress trimmings exhibited by a woman artist.

This artist—for, indeed, it requires the soul of an artist to produce such work—showed what could be done with these rough and ordinary materials. By the clever manipulation of a piece of coarse linen and a ball of string



CUSHION IN STRING EMBROIDERY.

beautiful landscapes are produced. Country scenery, sea waves and the picture of a cottage were exhibited as a result of the clever invention.

The artistic taste of the worker is brought into full play, as the color of the work is necessarily grayish fawn, and talent and a sense of beauty are needed to create the beautiful and simple lines which harmonize with the materials employed. A drawing is traced on a foundation of linen in the usual way, and after the linen has been well stretched on a frame the outlines already traced are followed with different strings, which are couched and stitched down, thickest strings being used for the outside of the large conventional designs, flowers, leaves, etc., while the veining of the leaves, the inside of the flowers, and the shading of the general design is worked by the thinner strings. The sewing necessary is simple satin stitch, always remembering to cross the cord at right angles and at regular intervals, although sometimes buttonhole stitch is used by reason of the firmer edge it gives to the work.

Shading is obtained by using darker tones of linen for the appliques and a lighter shade of string for the outline cord.

The cushion illustrated represents a charming pattern of umbelliferous flowers, among which a spider has woven its web, the thin threads of which decorate lightly the middle of the design, leaving the important part of the work on the border.

The conventional scrolls of the corners are worked in applique, lighter pieces of linen being cut into shape and placed on the foundation. These pieces of linen are cut with very sharp scissors, as the linen has a great tendency to fray, and secured in position on the work by steel pins stuck through in an upright position and then firmly tacked.

To cover the raw edge of the linen applique and to form a bold outline couched fine cord is used, but when doing work of this kind great care must be taken in stitching this fine cord so as to grip the raw edge of the applique sufficiently to keep it down, yet not enough to allow it to show under the cord outside the line of the design. The cord must be sewed down with very fine linen thread of exactly the same color, beginning from right to left and from outside the outline inward, the cord being held in such a way as to keep it even.

The fine veining of the leaves in the cushion is done in dark, fine string, the stems of the umbelliferous flowers and the spider web in couched cord of different shades and thicknesses. A charming touch of novelty is given by some of the flowers worked in white string, each little petal being done in a French knot, the spider being embroidered in raised satin stitch.

The beauty of the new needlework is that it can be applied as well to the ornamentation of heavy curtains and other furniture draperies as to the dainty and delicate trimmings used for evening dresses.

A Guarded Answer.

Cook (angrily)—See here, you little imp, did you take that cake off the shelf?

Small Boy (son of an attorney)—I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my lawyer.

HOW TO SELECT FISH.

Skin Should Be Bright, Eyes Full and Gills Pink.

In purchasing fish, says Marion Harris Nell, principal of the Philadelphia school of cookery, freshness is the necessary desideratum. The chief points to notice are fullness of the eye, pinkness of the gills and brightness of the skin. Fish if in good condition will keep firm under pressure of the finger, and the smell, though fishy, is not unpleasant, but this cannot be depended on, as the use of ice may cause deception on that point. In purchasing cod the freshness may be known by the bluish tinge of the flesh and the slightly iridescent hue of the part cut.

If the flesh be yellow do not buy it. Flat fish should be selected by their thickness. Fresh smelts have an odor of newly cut cucumber, which they lose within twelve hours after being cut. Fresh salmon has between the flakes a creamy white curd, which solidifies in twenty-four hours. It should be well covered with very bright scales, and the flesh should be of a bright red color. Halibut is a wholesome fish. It should be of middling size, thick and of a creamy white color. In choosing lobsters take the tall and pull it away from the body. If it is elastic and springs back, the lobster is fresh; if not, it is stale. Lobsters and crabs are tested by weight, those of medium size having the finest flavor. The varieties of fish available for food in this country are numerous and excellent; those containing the least fat are the most easily digested. The flesh of fish contains fibrin, gelatin and albumen in small proportions, mineral matter and water in larger.

All fish out of season are unwholesome and sometimes positively injurious. It is said that fish are fully as nutritious as animal food, and, though they may not have such a satisfying effect upon the stomach, that arises from their being so easily digested. The following are two fish recipes which Miss Nell recommends:

Casserole of Fish.

Pound half a pound of cooked white-fish and add a slice of bread which has been soaked in a little milk. Beat well together and put through a chopping machine, then through a sieve



CASSEROLE OF FISH.

into a basin. Add two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of finely chopped cooked meat (which may be omitted), one tablespoonful of melted butter and salt, butter and paprika to taste. Mix well.

Decorate a well buttered fish casserole, mold with sliced potatoes, pour in mixture, press down well and cover with a buttered paper. Set in a pan of boiling water and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot with Dutch sauce.

To make the sauce melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan; stir in one tablespoonful of flour, blend well together, then add gradually half a pint of milk; boil three minutes; add one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt and yolks of two eggs. Stir till it thickens, but do not allow it to boil, then serve.

Codfish Souffle.

Twelve ounces of codfish, freed from skin and bones; one gill of cream, one gill of fish stock or water, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour and sea soning.

Pound the fish in a mortar and rub it through a fine sieve into a basin. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour and mix over the fire for several minutes without letting the flour get brown.

Molten with the fish stock or water and continue to stir until the mixture becomes a smooth paste, then add it to the pounded fish; beat in the eggs one by one, add the cream and season with pepper, salt, nutmeg and paprika. Put this into a well buttered souffle tin, cover with a greased paper and steam or bake for forty minutes. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve with tomato or anchovy sauce. This may be poured round the base of the fish or over the shape.

No Use.

"You say Jones is down and out? Why, it was only a little while ago that he told me he had the key of success."

"He did, but the poor fellow wasn't able to find the keyhole."—Exchange.

Made Her a Fright.

"Mrs. Jones has a new hat."

"Well, you look mightily pleased about it."

"You just ought to see how it looks on her."—Houston Post.

Northfield Press, Proctor Block

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Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

Northfield Pad Calendar for 1910, a separate sheet for each day, upon which there is the day and date, a passage of Scripture with comment by a Northfield speaker, and blank space for memoranda, set in an iron stand. 25 cents (postage 5 cents extra).

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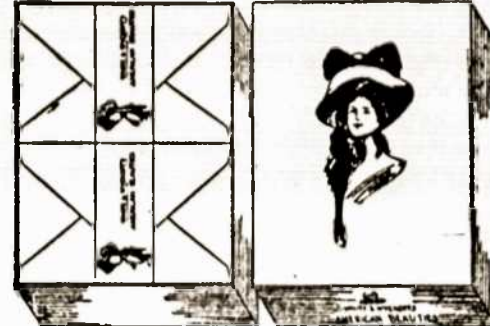
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Standard boxed paper and envelopes from 10 cts. up, and of tablets and pads in all sizes and prices.

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A large selection, from a few cents each, up.

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Games, boxed paper and special stationery supplies. Juvenile books in paper and cloth, colored illustrations, etc.

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The new "Regent" Grafonola, library table style, \$200.

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Northfield Press, Proctor Block

Town Improvement Mottos.

There is common sense in spending your money in the community where you live.

The best method in which a town can pave its way to success is to pave its streets and improve the highways leading therefrom.

The women of many small towns have formed a local floral association and are introducing plant and flower culture into many homes.

A number of town officials are co-operating with the citizens of the town in the planting of shade trees on all the leading streets of villages.

It is the poorest sort of economy to have bad sidewalks. There are many cases on record where the amount paid as the result of accidents amounted to more than enough to put the walks in good shape. Any town can well afford to bond itself for sidewalk repairs.

A Bar to Town's Progress.

In far too many towns the streets are neglected and remain a perpetual menace to public health. No community that wishes to grow and prosper should neglect its streets. Money judiciously spent in this work under the supervision of a competent engineer is a safe and sure investment that will be returned with compound interest. In almost every town there is room for improvement in this direction, and each business man and householder owes it to himself and his neighbor to help along this necessary work.

Jus' Keep On Keepin' On.

If the day looks kinder gloomy
An' your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
An' the prospects awful grim
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jus' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

Fumlin' never wins a fight,
An' trettin' never pays.
There ain't no good in broodin' in
These pessimistic ways.
Smile jus' kinder cheerfully
When hope is nearly gone
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
An' grumblin' all the time
When music's ringin' everywhere
An' everything's a rhyme.
Jus' keep on smilin' cheerfully
If hope is nearly gone
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

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SUCCESSFUL MERCHANTS.

Those That Carry Only Diversified Lines in Stock.

An editorial article in the Agricultural Southwest, which upholds the general store in the smaller cities and towns as against the specialized business, contains a hint for those who would compete successfully with the big mail order store that carry everything, from a hairpin to a portable house. The editor writes:

One of our eastern exchanges devotes a whole column of his valued paper to an article on the mistake that the present day merchant is making in running a general store.

This article endeavors to show that the old rule of "no two things can be done at the same time and done right." Using this old rule in bearing out his argument that where any merchant tries to handle a multiplicity of lines he cannot make a success of any one, we do not in the least doubt the sincerity of his belief. At one time in the not distant past we were of the same opinion, until we had our ideas changed by first hand knowledge.

The most successful merchants of the southwest, with the best conducted stores, bringing to their owners the greatest margin of profit, are those who have diversified lines. In fact, the merchant who sells everything, from a needle to a traction engine, is the one who broadens, and when the call of the big town reaches him he is qualified to go into the fight against his longer established competitor and get a share of that business which his all around knowledge has taught him how to talk about and handle.

Sprinkling a Treatise.

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.—Popular Mechanics.

Fried Cuttlefish.

Young cuttlefish fried in oil are regarded as a great delicacy in all Mediterranean countries.

THE MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

They Inoculate the Business of the Home Tradesman With Hookworm.

If your business does not approach that of former seasons you may ascribe the reason to the unprecedented season, the curtailment of crops, the mail order houses or a varied assortment of conditions, all obtaining "outside" of your store.

It is not uncommon to find in almost any town at any season a merchant who complains of "poor" business, while just across the street or around the corner his competitor will tell you that business is "fine" and the prospects excellent for a splendid season.

These everyday occurrences call forth the suggestion that possibly the complaining merchants are affected with a "business hookworm" which causes them to view everything through dark glasses. Why should there be pessimists and optimists selling merchandise side by side on the same street in the same town? If existing conditions are favorable for a "fine" business for the one merchant, how is it that business "gloom" pervades the store of the other. The trouble will be found on the "inside" and not on the "outside" of his store. There is a "business hookworm" lurking in some or all of the departments of the establishment. The scientists tell us the effect of the hookworm on the person, and the complaining merchant's business seems to be affected in a similar manner.

If you want to get rid of the business hookworm the remedy is as simple as that for the physical hookworm. Try a liberal dose of newspaper advertising space, intelligently administered, and you'll find that the feeling of slothfulness will be supplanted by that lively feeling which makes you happy.

She Knew How to Cook.

The Countess of Colredo-Manseld, in Rome, is an American girl who has set the fashionable people of the Holy City talking about her cooking. Recently her cook did not suit her at all, and she went into the kitchen and cooked a meal herself that showed the cook that she knew what she was talking about and would have to have what she wanted.

PROFESSIONAL

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WANTED—Good Timber land.
Elliott W. Brown, Northfield.

FREE Courses in the Springfield Home Correspondence School to members of the League.

C. H. Otis, Agent.

WANTED—Agents to solicit orders for my line of Hand Painted Crayon Portraits in Warwick, Winchester and Hinsdale. Enlargements made from tin types or photographs. All work guaranteed. Good commissions paid. For prices and terms address C. Franklin Slate, 38-39 Davenport Street, Greenfield, Mass.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—200 egg Cyphers Incubator. Price \$10.00.
Alvin George, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Three-beam, two-horse sled, new. W. T. Campbell, blacksmith, Mill St.

FOR SALE—One second-hand Single Sleigh, in good repair. Inquire of Philip Porter, Northfield Livery.

FOR SALE—360 egg Incubator in perfect order, \$10.00.
F. W. Wilber.

FOR SALE—Farm of 140 acres, 1½ miles north of Auditorium, good house, large barns, apple orchard, 200 sugar maples, 8 cows, Guernsey bull, 10 calves, 12 hogs, 25 hens. Price, \$2,800. Elliott W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Two Colts, of good build and breed. One 3 years partly trained, other 2 years no training, both very tame. Address John Lawson, Davis Farm, Ashuelot, N. H.

Steamship Tickets
BY ANY OF THE PRINCIPAL Transatlantic Lines

Geo. R. Witte
NORTHFIELD.
Continental trips arranged as Tourist may select

Chameleon Hair.
"What do you think of the color of Mrs. Smith's hair since she came from Europe?" asked one of the Cats.
"Well," said the other, "I have seen her with four different colors, and I think on the whole I like this best."—New York Press.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

The Timsons; or, Two of a Kind.

Timson had for nearly an hour been in the smoking compartment, while his wife had been permitted to sit alone at the rear end of the sleeper as it was whisked briskly across the uninteresting landscape. At last he sauntered back and sat down beside the lady, saying as he did so that he was getting hungry and wished the first call for lunch might soon be given.

Then he noticed that his wife was concealing something between herself and the side of the car.

"What have you got there?" he asked.

"Sh-sh!" she replied, looking around to assure herself that she would not be overheard. "It's a book. The news agent came through a little while ago, and he had this hidden under a lot of other things. I don't know why he thought he could trust his secret with me, but he did. We must not betray him."

"Let me see it."

"No, we mustn't show it here. Somebody might notice it, and the boy would get into trouble."

"He told you the railroad company had given orders that no more copies of it were to be sold on the train, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And said it was terribly sensational?"

"Yes. It's a story we must be careful not to leave around where the children can get hold of it."

"It was the last copy of the book he had, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes. How do you happen to know so much about it?"

"He sold me one, too," said Timson, slipping his copy out from under his coat.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Certainly She Was Indignant.

The drowsy afternoon calm of Magistrate Harris' office was rudely broken yesterday by a very stout woman, who tore through the door in a mood for which indignant or angry adjectives are far too mild. She was furious.

Rustling up to the magistrate, she smacked her hand loudly on the desk. "She called me a tropple," she shouted, "and I want her to prove it!"

"Who? What?" exclaimed the magistrate, rousing himself from a reverie on the recent unsuccessful campaign for an increase of magistrates' salaries.

"Mrs. Blank, that pesky neighbor of mine, that's who! She called me a tropple and!"

"A what?" asked the puzzled magistrate.

"A tropple!" roared the woman. "Do you hear? A tropple, tropple! And I want!"

"Madam," interrupted the magistrate, "my jurisdiction extends only to words in the live languages, and Latin and Greek are dead. Good day."

As the woman founced out Magistrate Harris brought his fist down on the desk with a bang.

"By golly!" he said. "She meant tropple."—Philadelphia Times.

Diagnosis.

The bookkeeper answered the phone. "Is this Wilkins' market?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is Mrs. Johnson. I want you to know that the liver you sent over today was extremely unsatisfactory. It was not calf's liver at all. Calf's liver is always tender, and there is no mistaking."

"Just a moment, madam. I will call the proprietor."

"What is it?" Wilkins asked.

The bookkeeper surrendered the phone.

"Mrs. Johnson," he said—"liver complaint."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

She Had Listened.

It was at a private entertainment, and a lady had just risen from the piano.

"Wouldn't you like to be able to sing and play, my dear?" she queried of a little five-year-old miss.

"No, ma'am," was the unexpected reply.

"And why not?" asked the lady.

"Cause," explained the small observer, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."—Chicago News.

A Peeping Papa.

Her Father (fratly)—Young man, do you know that you've been calling on my daughter since 7 o'clock?

Tarrying Youth—Yes, but she has been sitting on my hat for the last three hours, and I didn't want to tell her.

Her Father—Then hereafter don't keep your hat in your lap. Hang it on the rack in the hall.—Circle Magazine.

They Brayed.

Aristippus (when cattle were money)—Did you get in last night without your wife hearing you?

Phedippides—No, confound it! I spent three bulls in that last wine press we stopped at, and the bartender gave me a couple of jackasses in change!—Puck.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed proposals will be received for the erection and completion of the High School Memorial building, Northfield, by the committee up to and including Saturday April 2, at 12M.

A certified check for \$300. must accompany the bid payable to the Town Treasurer as evidence of good faith in the proposed bid.

All checks will be returned to unsuccessful bidders.

The successful bidder's check will be held until the signing of the contract.

Plans may be seen with the chairman of the committee, L. R. Smith East Northfield, or at the office of A. W. Holton, architect, Westfield, Mass.

L. R. SMITH,
Chairman Committee.

West Northfield

The Woman's Home and Foreign Mission Society next Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. A. E. Phelps.

There was an unusually good attendance at the Loyal Worker's meeting last Sunday evening. Two new names for membership were proposed. The leader for March 13, Miss Sadie Brooks.

Rev. A. E. Phelps was called to Athol Thursday to attend the funeral services of an old friend there.

Northfield

Prof. Charles Upson Clark of Yale University gave a very interesting stereopticon lecture on Madrid in Stone Hall last Monday evening. He showed a number of views of Madrid, also about 30 of famous paintings and several representing the Spanish Bull fight. The lecture was well attended.

Henry W. Russell went to Boston on Wednesday to visit the Grand Lodge of Masons. Before returning he will spend some time in Mansfield and Hyde Park.

Mrs. C. F. Sutherland who has been visiting her son D. F. Sutherland since last summer returned yesterday to her home in Avondale, N. S.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Newton left yesterday for Boston to attend the automobile show. Their daughter Isabel accompanied them and will visit Mrs. Martha Dickinson.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Keet are attending the automobile show in Boston.

On March 21 the members of Company A will go to Brattleboro to give a Military Drill and join in competitive sports with the members of the Magnet Club. The Northfield Basket Ball team will play the Independents Club of Brattleboro as part of the evening's entertainment. The Indoor Sports will consist of Tug of War, Relay Race, High Jump, Broad Jump, Sack Race, Mile Run and Three Legged Race.

The contestants from the Brigade are as follows: Lieutenant Carl Holton, Corporal Ernest Howard, Corporal Broderick, Sergeant Raymond Culver, Sergeant Carl Newton, Sergeant Waite, Privates Dalton, Long, Gilmartin.

What's the matter over at Greenfield? While the good citizens slept, the enemy stole a march and voted the town "wet," 1079 to 903. And Montague went "wet" by even a bigger majority. Surely Northfield's vote, 141 to 62, against license, is something to be proud of.

Miss Helen Jones of the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society will speak Saturday afternoon at the Bible Training School and on Sunday evening in Sage Chapel on subjects relating to her work. While here she is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. N. Fay Smith. Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones were classmates in the Bible Institute in Chicago.



Home of
Elmer's Balm

Scandalous.
"What do you think? Mrs. Zissel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"—Megendorfer Blatter.

ELLIOTT W. BROWN REAL ESTATE

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BEST ON THE MARKET
Give them a trial
GROCERIES & PASTRY
Fruit and Candies
Butternuts 25 Cents a Peck.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

YOUR SAVINGS of a lifetime may be swept away in an hour.

AN INSURANCE POLICY may be all that stands between you and poverty. PROTECT YOURSELF and family by ample insurance.

CAN YOU AFFORD not to do so? Do you wish to chance being supported by charity?

THINK IT OVER, and then CALL, WRITE, TELEPHONE.

Webster's Insurance Agency
NORTHFIELD, MASS.
DO IT NOW
TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

FRANKLIN, SS. CASE 16,037. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of AMOS D. ELMER, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate, by Marietta E. Elmer of said Northfield, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the third Tuesday of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. FRANCIS N. THOMPSON, Register.

3w35

Published by request.

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A thoughtful, inspiring address on a living topic by

PAUL DWIGHT MOODY

A timely gift-book. 30 cents.

To Northfield Press

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